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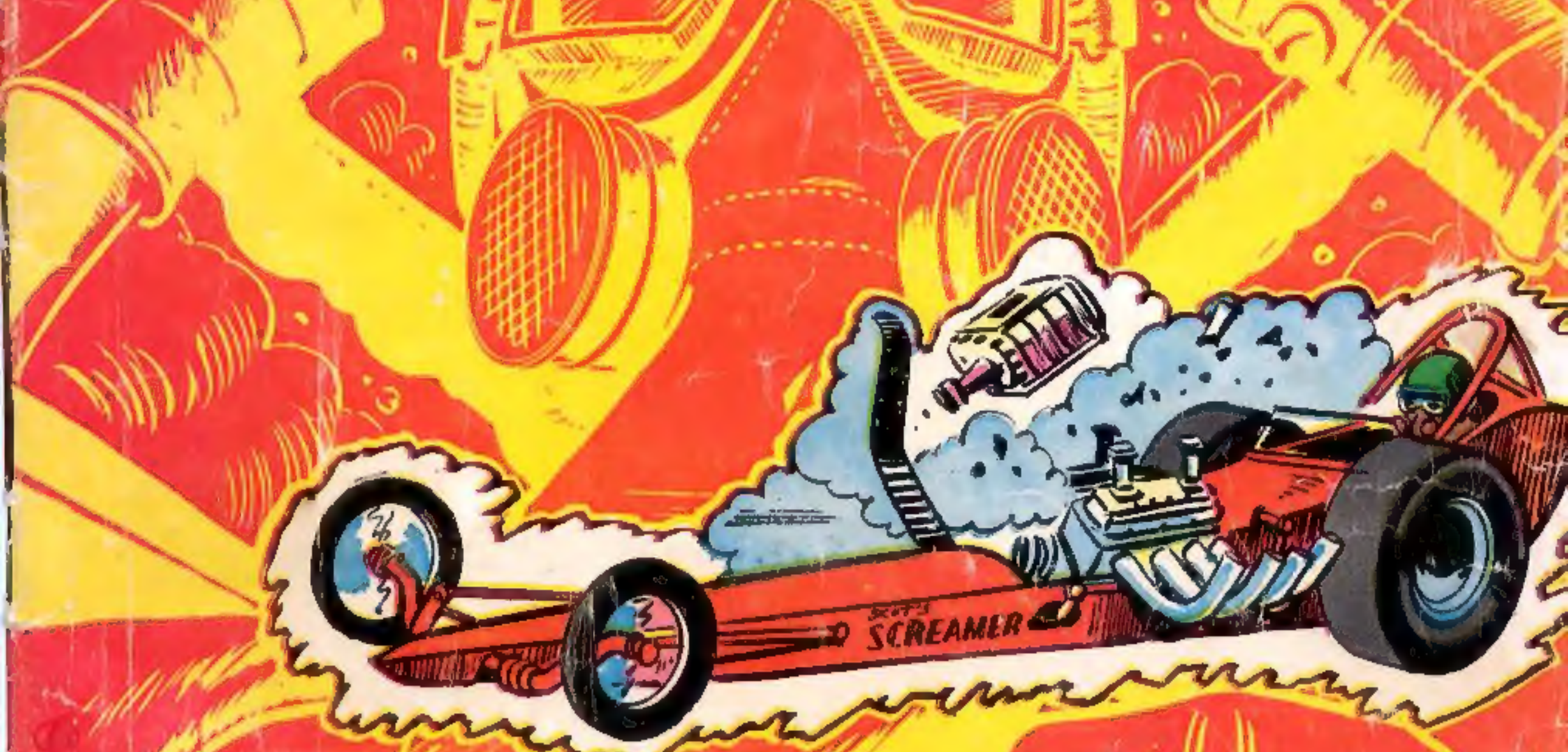
DRAG WHEELS

FEATURING Scot Jackson



SCOT FADES OUT AT THE "NATIONAL"

TIGER TOM SMITH DRIVING THE SPRINT CAR IN THE LEAD ON THE HALF-MILE OVAL WAS PASSING STRAGGLERS WHEN THE CAR AHEAD OF HIM SUDDENLY BLEW A TIRE, HIT A SLICK SPOT, AND FLIPPED! TIGER TOM SWERVED AND....

...WALL

WHAM

I GOTTA **MISS** THAT **HAM-HANDED IDIOT!**

GOOD LORD! I'M GOIN' THROUGH THE RAILIN' AND I'M **GONNA HIT THE....**

TIGER TOM

GET THE MEAT-WAGON... TIGER TOM **AIN'T** GONNA **WALK** AWAY FROM **THIS ONE!!**

IT HADDA **HAPPEN** SOME DAY....

I'M **BUSTED** UP.... **CAN'T** MOVE, AND NOW I'M GONNA **BURN!**

Rabbit's Can Run!

C-834

DRAG N' WHEELS

nomscans

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BUT THE EMERGENCY TRUCK SCREAMS UP.... CARS BRAKE HARD.... AND SMITH'S FELLOW DRIVERS LEAP AT THE WRECKED AND BURNING CAR!

GET SOME WATER ON ME.... I'LL TRY TO GET HIM OUT!

THIS HOOK SHOULD DO THE TRICK.... WE GOTTA FLIP THIS THING OVER!

EM

THAT'S IT.... YOU COOL IT OFF.... I'LL GET TIGER OUT!

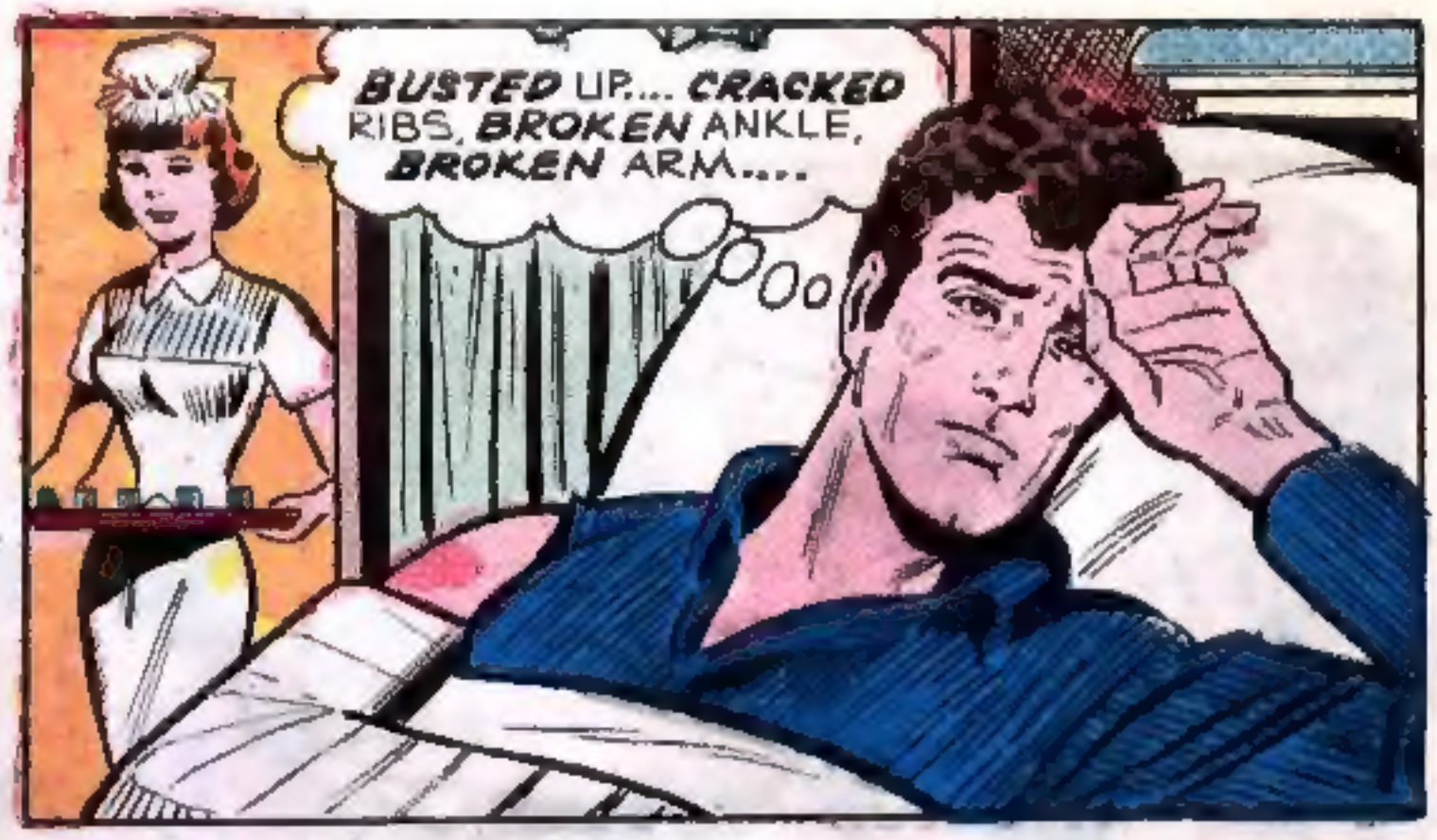
BEN, YOU MANIAC, GET AWAY.... THIS THING'S GONNA BLOW!

NOT BEFORE I GET YOU OUT IT WON'T!

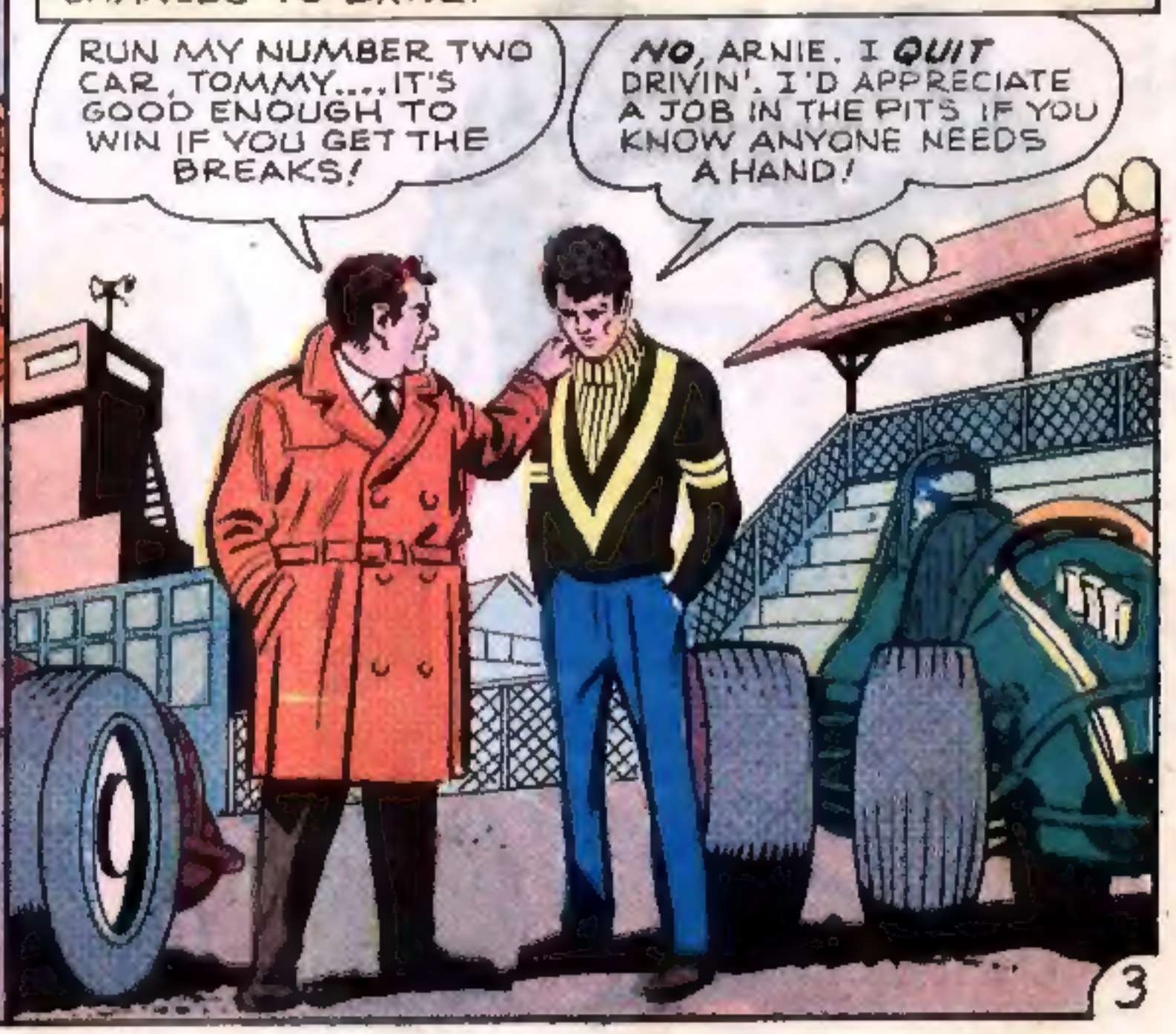
MADE IT, TOM!

TIGER TOM SMITH, THE MOST DARING DRIVER ON THE CIRCUIT, HAD FINALLY TOTALED OUT!

GATE 4



LATER, TIGER TOM IS BACK ON THE CIRCUIT! WITHOUT A CAR.... BUT HE'LL HAVE PLENTY OF CHANCES TO DRIVE!


RUN MY NUMBER TWO CAR, TOMMY....IT'S GOOD ENOUGH TO WIN IF YOU GET THE BREAKS!
NO, ARNIE. I QUIT DRIVIN'. I'D APPRECIATE A JOB IN THE PITS IF YOU KNOW ANYONE NEEDS A HAND!

SO TIGER TOM IS A **PUSSYCAT** NOW.... SCARED TO RUN, WORKING ON OTHER DRIVERS' CARS!

IT'S LUGGIN' WHEN I CHANGE GEARS, TOM!

THE VENTURIS ARE GUMMED UP, ACE! I'LL CLEAN THE CARBS AND THEN YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF **PAZZAZZ!**

I **HATE** TO SEE TIGER TOM TURNED INTO A **PUSSYCAT** LIKE THIS!

I DON'T MIND. HE USED T' **BEAT** ME ALL THE TIME.... NOW HE'S HELPIN' **ME WIN!**

ACE DUGGAN

I'VE SEEN YOU **TEST** THE CAR, TOMMY! YOU HANDLED IT OKAY! **WHY** DON'T YOU **DRIVE** IN RACES ANY MORE?

EVERYONE KNOWS WHY, BEN.... **I'VE LOST MY NERVE!**

WHEN I JUST **THINK** OF RACING, I REMEMBER THAT **WRECK**.... THE **CRASH**....THE **PAIN**....THEN THE **SMELL** OF **MY OWN FLESH BURNING!**

OKAY, "CURLY", BUT ANY TIME YOU **CHANGE** YOUR MIND, OL' BUDDY, YOU CAN DRIVE MY IRON! YOU WERE THE **BEST** ONCE.... I THINK YOU CAN BE **AGAIN!**

NO, THANKS, BEN! **I'M THROUGH!**

BIG BEN

CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

BEN IS A MIGHTY GOOD FRIEND.... I'D DO ANYTHING FOR HIM! BUT I GUESS I'M A *GUTLESS* WONDER.... I C-CAN'T DRIVE!

VRUMM

COMING INTO THE PITS, BEN OLNEY'S JUST AS IT STOPS, A DRUM OF SPARKS.... AND A SECOND LATER CAR COASTS TO A STOP! AND GASOLINE SPILLS, SOMETHING THERE'S A ROARING FIRE!

HE'LL BE COOKED!

IT'S A HORRIBLE WAY TO *DIE!* I REMEMBER *THE FLAMES!*

GET THE SEATBELT OFF, BEN! HURRY!

THANKS, CHUM.... COME ON, LET THE *CAR GO!*

NO NEED TO.... I'VE GOT THE *FIRE* UNDER *CONTROL!*

YOU TELL ME YOU'VE LOST YOUR NERVE? I *NEVER* SAW ANYONE DO A *BRAVER* THING THAN THAT, TOMMY!

I WAS *SCARED* GREEN, BEN.... BUT I FOUND OUT YOU CAN DO SOMETHING EVEN WHEN YOU'RE *TERRIFIED!*

WHEN WE CLEAN YOUR CAR UP, BEN.... MAYBE I *WILL TRY OUT* IN A SPRINT RACE!

5

A WEEK LATER, THE NAME TOM SMITH IS HEARD ONCE MORE OVER THE PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEM! HE'S A CAUTIOUS DRIVER AT FIRST BUT NEAR THE END.... RUNNING THIRD.... HE SUDDENLY COMES TO LIFE!

HEY, BEN.... TOMMY'S GONNA FINISH FIRST!

I WON IT!

MY NERVES AREN'T SHOT AFTER ALL!

SO THE MAN WHO HAD GIVEN UP RACING LEARNED THAT A MAN CAN RACE EVEN WITH HIS HEART FULL OF FEAR....

YOU ALWAYS WERE FASTER THAN ME, TOM! YOU DRIVE THE CAR IN THE FEATURE.... AND NEXT WEEK WE'LL GO UP TO INDIANAPOLIS AND WIN SOME BIG MONEY!

SOUNDS OKAY TO ME, BEN!

I STILL TAKE CHANCES... BUT IF ANYTHING HAPPENS.... I'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO!

END

THE GENERATION GAP

IT'S ABOUT TIME WE CAUGHT THESE HOT-RODDERS!

OH, OH....DAD WILL *REALLY* HAVE SOMETHING TO SQUAWK ABOUT NOW!

VROOOOM

VROOOOM

NICHOLAS ALASCIA

DOES MY FATHER HAVE TO HEAR ABOUT THIS, SIR? I MEAN IF IT'S ONLY A FINE, I....

WE ALWAYS NOTIFY PARENTS WHEN TEEN-AGERS ARE CAUGHT LIKE THIS, BARRETT.

IT ISN'T JUST A SPEEDING LAW YOU FRACTURED, BOY! OTHER CARS MIGHT HAVE BEEN FORCED OFF THE ROAD....PEOPLE GET KILLED....ANYTHING COULD HAPPEN! THERE'S A DRAGSTRIP UP AT THOMSTON....WHY DON'T YOU SAVE IT FOR THERE?

GORGAS CHALLENGED ME....I COULDN'T CHICKEN OUT!

YOUR FATHER OR LEGAL GUARDIAN MUST ANSWER THIS SUMMONS WITH YOU, BARRETT. IF THERE'S A CHANCE YOUR LICENSE WON'T BE SUSPENDED...IT'S UP TO THE COURT TO DECIDE THAT.

YES, SIR.

SUMMONS

YOUR FATHER IS WAITING IN HIS STUDY, JIMMY. I'M AFRAID YOU'VE REALLY HAD IT THIS TIME!

I GUESS I HAVE, MOM...

AT HOME, JIM BARRETT PARKS HIS '65 COMET... GRIMLY AWARE THAT HIS FATHER IS ALREADY ANNOYED AT THE AMOUNT HE'S SPENT ON THE BIG-ENGINED LITTLE CAR ALREADY!

ART MILLER TELEPHONED ME AT THE OFFICE AWHILE AGO. HE AND I ARE OLD FRIENDS. HE TOLD ME HE CAUGHT YOU DRAGGING ON A PUBLIC HIGHWAY AND ISSUED YOU A SUMMONS. WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY?

YES, SIR. I HAVE NO EXCUSE, DAD.

HOW DID YOU COME TO BE INVOLVED IN SUCH AN INSANE STUNT, JIMMY?

I PRUNED FELIX GORGAS AT THE STRIP A WEEK AGO, SIR, AND THEN HE BOUGHT NEW CARBS AND CHALLENGED ME TO A RACE RIGHT THERE!

I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO TAKE APPROPRIATE COLLEGE COURSES AND THEN COME INTO THE REAL ESTATE BUSINESS WITH ME, SON! YOU'RE WASTING A LOT OF TIME ON THIS HOBBY YOU'VE TAKEN UP....

I DON'T THINK I'M WASTING TIME, SIR! I'VE LEARNED A LOT ABOUT ENGINES ....

....I'VE TAKEN SOME COMBUSTION ENGINEERING COURSES AND STUDIED SOME BOOKS FROM THE LIBRARY. HOWEVER, IF YOU WANT ME TO GIVE IT UP, SIR....

I DON'T WANT TO MAKE A SNAP DECISION, JIM! LET'S SLEEP ON IT...WE'LL TALK IT OVER AGAIN SOON.

MR. BARRETT, AN INTELLIGENT MAN, REALIZES HIS VALUES MAY BE VERY DIFFERENT THAN HIS SON'S.... SO HE DRIVES OUT TO TROOPER ART MILLER'S HOME NEXT EVENING....

ART, I WAS GOING TO ASK YOUR HELP IN WEANING JIMMY AWAY FROM THIS HOT-ROD BUSINESS.... BUT I THINK I CAME TO THE WRONG MAN!

I GUESS YOU DID, DAN. HOW DO YOU LIKE MY SPRINT CAR?

JIMMY'S CAR HAS A WEDGE-HEAD FORD....TWO 4 BARREL HOLLEY CARBS....TUNED EXHAUST....AND SOLID SUSPENSION. YOUR SON HAS A REAL NICE RIG, DAN!

AN EXPENSIVE ONE, ART! IT'S TIME HE BEGAN THINKING OF HIS FUTURE!

YOU WANT HIM TO GO INTO THE REAL ESTATE BUSINESS, DAN! MAYBE HIS TALENT LIES IN ANOTHER DIRECTION ....LIKE ENGINEERING!

BUT I ALWAYS FIGURED HE'D TAKE OVER THE BUSINESS FROM ME....

DAN BARRETT CALLS IN HIS SON THAT EVENING AND LAYS DOWN THE LAW.

....AND SELL THE CAR! YOU'VE GOT TO SETTLE DOWN, STUDY HARDER, AMOUNT TO SOMETHING!

BUT, DAD, I DON'T...

ARE YOU DISOBEYING ME? LOOK, JAMES, UNTIL YOU'RE OF AGE AND SUPPORTING YOURSELF, YOU'LL DO AS I SAY!

DAD, I....OKAY. I'LL DO AS YOU SAY.

THE CHANGE BEGINS THAT DAY! JIMMY BARRETT BECOMES GLUM AND MOROSE. HE STUDIES HARD...BUT HIS MARKS BEGIN TO GET WORSE!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! HE PUTS IN MORE TIME STUDYING THAN HE EVER DID!

MAYBE WHEN HIS COMET, IS SOLD, HE'LL FORGET ABOUT HOT RODS.

JIMMY AND I USED TO BE ABLE TO TALK....HE'D TELL ME WHAT WAS BOTHERING HIM... I WAS ABLE TO LEVEL WITH HIM!

NOT ANY MORE! HE.... WE'RE NOT *FRIENDS* ANY MORE!

JIMMY, WHAT'S BUGGING YOU?

I'M STUDYING, SIR! I'LL DO AS YOU SAY UNTIL I'M OF AGE, SIR.

IS THAT ALL YOU HAVE TO SAY, JIMMY?

I'M SORRY, DAD.

CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

OUT IN THE BACK YARD, THE COMET SITS, A MUTE REBUKE TO BARRETT SR. DAN BARRETT GOES, LIFTS THE HOOD, EXAMINES WHAT HIS SON HAS CREATED....

BEAUTIFUL!

I'M SORRY I PUT ALL THAT MONEY INTO IT, SIR! I MAY BE ABLE TO GET MOST OF IT BACK IF I SELL IT AT THE DRAGSTRIP!

IT WAS YOUR MONEY, SON, YOU EARNED IT! I'M PROUD OF WHAT YOU'VE DONE... IN A SENSE, I GUESS YOU DIDN'T WASTE THE TIME OR MONEY YOU PUT INTO IT.

JIMMY, I NEVER DROVE A CAR LIKE THIS! DO YOU THINK I....?

YES, SIR... BUT IF YOU'RE GOING TO WIND IT OUT, I THINK YOU'D BETTER DO IT ON THE DRAGSTRIP!

THIS IS HOW DAN BARRETT COMES TO BE AT THE DRAGSTRIP A FEW MOMENTS LATER BEHIND THE WHEEL OF A COMET SCREAMER....

I HOPE HE DOESN'T MISS A GEAR...HE'LL SCATTER THE TRANSMISSION ALL OVER THE TRACK!

PAINT

DRAG STRIP

VROOOOM

SCREEE

GO, DAD!

VROOOOM

NOT BAD....HE WENT THROUGH THE GEARS PRETTY SLOW.... BUT NOT TOO BAD AT ALL!

E.T. 16.3 SECONDS, SPEED 93 MPH!

I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU DRIVE IT, JIMMY!

IT'S RUNNING A LITTLE ROUGH, SIR, BUT I'LL DO MY BEST!

VROOOM

VROOOM

IT'S A SWEET PIECE OF MACHINERY!

VVROOOM

SCREE

GO, JIMMY! GO, GO, GO!

VVRROOOM!

E.T. 12.2, SPEED 114 MPH!

....AND IF YOU'D PREFER TO TAKE ENGINEERING COURSES, I WON'T OBJECT, JIMMY! ART MILLER IS PROBABLY RIGHT....YOU'VE GOT MORE TALENT FOR THIS SORT OF THING THAN YOU'D HAVE FOR REAL ESTATE! AND YOU'LL BE A LOT HAPPIER!

GEE, DAD.... I'M THE HAPPIEST KID IN THE WORLD!

I THOUGHT WE... I MEAN...I THOUGHT I'D RUINED EVERYTHING!

I WAS AFRAID I HAD TOO, SON.... BUT IT WORKED OUT ALL RIGHT.

END

CRACKED WINDSHIELD

Every time I take a long trip with my car, or go away on a vacation, when I come home I jot down all the things that took place with my car. I want to know two things: First, how many of these "incidents" are of the type that are repeated time after time on the highway. Like the driver who cuts in front of your car and doesn't care what may happen to you. Second, how many of these are the unusual ones. Like the million in one "shot". Where suddenly you see a bear standing in the road in front of your car!

We drove up to this mountain hotel. There was plenty of space to park my car. I parked it in a line of cars and in back of us there were trees and a golf course. To be exact, since I later counted those parked cars, I was number 32. Not number 8. The next morning I saw several people gathered around car no. 8. Being curious I went out to see why they were there. The car was a brand new one, and the owner wore the patch off a shooting club on his jacket. I immediately told him I too belonged to several shooting clubs.. So we had something in common.

Then he showed me what was wrong. Apparently a bullet had hit his windshield! You could see all the line cracks. At the moment it looked as though a bullet had ricocheted and struck the glass. He had called the local police. They came and then the questioning began. It developed that two men had been given permission to shoot a target .22 rifle on the other side of the road. On private property. They had set up targets. So for the moment, there was a good possibilty that they were at fault.. However, there were only two possibilities under which this could have taken place. In a moment of carelessness-or even deliberateness-one would have had to turn around and fire his rifle. Or the bullet had ricocheted. The police came and questioning took place. The officer informed all that under the law the men had a legal right to do target shooting since permission had been given by the owner of the property. I put in my "two cents of knowledge" by saying that while this was correct, the shooters still had to be careful. If they were careless in any manner, they were responsible.

No action was taken against the two men. They felt sorry and tried to help. We looked all over the grounds for the spent bullet but couldn't find it. Then I tried to figure out the angle at which the bullet had struck the windshield. And the curious on-lookers asked a lot of questions. We stopped. The next day the owner of the car and myself went into action. Tentatively I had figured out the angle. And one thing was certain: It couldn't have come from the shooters across the road.

Then we got anothet clue. Two kids had been seen in the hotel with rifles. The guess was that these were BB guns. Now we had to do some more "detective work." Did those kids fire their guns? If so, at what? And why was it this windshield, of all the other windshields, the only one hit?

Meanwhile the owner of the car called up his insurance broker. His policy had a $50.00 deductible clause. He was told to ask the hotel owner to make good for that $50.00. However, if the bullet had come from across the road-the owner of the hotel wasn't responsible. But if the kids had been on the grounds-lived in the hotel-that was another question.

Now we looked all over the ground for a BB bullet. But we couldn't find that either. We were discouraged. After lunch, the owner came to me and told me to go out and take a good look at his car. Which I did.

"Do you see what we all failed to see?" he asked.

They say that in life you don't see that which is right in front of your nose. And there it was! He showed it to me. An empty milk carton hung from a tree by a cord. Right in back of his car. He climbed part of the tree and took it down. It was shot full of BB holes! So now we had the complete picture. The kids had hung that empty milk carton up on the tree. And did their target shooting at it. With car number 8 in the line of fire. And one had somehow missed. Shot too low and thus hit the windshield. All I will say now is that the fellows with the .22 rifle felt much better when informed that they weren't at fault. Perhaps the next time you go to a hotel, it might not be a bad idea to ask the management if shooting of any kind is permitted on their grounds.

SCOT JACKSON

TON'S TRUCK

WELLINGTON McHORN, CALLED **TON** FOR SHORT, HAS THE UNCHALLENGED POSITION OF BEING KNOWN AS THE BIGGEST (6 FEET 8, 675 POUNDS), STRONGEST (HE CAN BODY PRESS HIS WEIGHT) HOTRODDER IN THE WORLD.. BEING SUCH A HUGE BLOB CAN HAVE ITS **GOOD** AND **BAD** POINTS READ ON AND YOU JUDGE THE PROS AND CONS...

GEE, TON, AFTER I BROKE MY JACK I'D NEVER HAVE BEEN ABLE TO CHANGE THIS TIRE IF YOU HADN'T COME ALONG.

JUST TAKE YOUR TIME, LIFTIN' THIS LITTLE CAR IS EASY .

W937

LATER..

YOU FELLAS AIN'T NEVER GONNA GET OUT OF THE MUD THAT WAY .

YEAH, SO WHY DON'T YOU CALL US A TOW TRUCK, FATSO?

WHO NEEDS ONE? I CAN PUSH YOU OUT ***EASY!***

HEY, I TAKE IT BACK ABOUT CALLIN' YOU FATSO, YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, ***BIG MAN!***

WRITTEN AND DRAWN BY
JACK KELLER
LETTERED BY
RICK KELLER

C-997

TON CAN BE GENTLE AND KIND IN ALMOST ANY SITUATION. .

I'LL TAKE YA ACROSS THE STREET, LITTLE FELLA!

GEE THANKS, TON, YOU'RE THE GREATEST!

BUT, WHEN BULLIES THREATEN HIS FRIENDS, HIS GENTLENESS EVAPORATES AND HE BOWLS THE BADDIES DOWN LIKE TEN PINS...

WE'VE SEEN TON'S GOOD POINTS, AND IT SEEMS LIKE ANYONE WOULD WELCOME THE BIG GUY AROUND BUT THERE ARE TIMES WHEN SCOT AND THE ROD MASTERS WOULD LIKE TO SEE THE **BIG ELE-PHANT GET LOST!**

THAT'S THE THIRD CHAIR YOU'VE SQUASHED THIS MONTH!

WHUPS!

KRUNCH

HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU, ***NEVER, BUT NEVER LEAN AGAINST MY CAR!***

GEE, WHY NOT, FLIP?

THAT ***DENT'S*** WHY, YOU BIG HIPPO!

OH, NO!

EATING IS ANOTHER OF TON'S PROBLEMS, LUCKILY HIS PA'S A FARMER, NO ONE ELSE COULD AFFORD TO FEED HIM

LET'S GO TO THE CLUB, I GOT MY LUNCH...

MAN, YOU SURE PACK A **BIG** ONE.

SHUCKS, THAT J'L BASKET IS ONLY FOR IN BETWEEN SNACKS, HERE'S **MY LUNCH BOX!**

GOODIES

GETTING INTO THINGS, SUCH AS A PHONE BOOTH, ALSO HAS ITS PROBLEMS ..

DARN, THE LINE IS BUSY...

TELEPHONE

GETTING OUT IS EVEN WORSE!

TELEPHONE

BUT PAYING FOR THE DAMAGE IS MOST PAINFUL OF ALL...

YOU'RE GONNA BREAK US, BIG MAN...

GULP...

BELL

TRANSPORTING A BEHEMOTH OF TON'S SIZE ALSO REQUIRES SPECIAL CONSIDERATIONS... SMALL CARS JUST WON'T DO...

GOODIE! WE'RE DOIN' A WHEELIE!

YEAH, AN' THE MOTOR'S NOT EVEN RUNNIN'.

SO AN APPROPRIATE VEHICLE HAD TO BE CONSTRUCTED...

THIS MACK TRUCK FRAME IS STRONG ENOUGH TO SUPPORT AN ELEPHANT!

THIS ALLISON AIRCRAFT MILL COULD PULL A FREIGHT CAR..

IT'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER'N THAT TO MOVE TON!

FUNNY MAN...

MANY DAYS LATER, THE PROJECT WAS COMPLETED...

IT'S ALL YOURS, BIG BUDDY...

I LOVE MY TRUCK SO MUCH I'M CALLIN' IT, 'TONS O' FUN'!

I CAN'T WAIT TILL I GET IT TO THE DRAGS! WOWEE!

AT THE DRAGSTRIP TON AWAITS THE INITIAL START FOR HIS NEW ROD AGAINST MATTY WILSON'S ALTERED. .

TIMING STAND

I'M GONNA SHUT 'IM DOWN, I JUS' KNOW IT...

EXTERMINATOR

TWIN O' FUN

BEA

OHHH, THIS IS EMBARRASSIN'!

RACE MASTER

EXTERMINATOR

BEAVER VALLEY

TON'S OPPONENT OPENS A BIG LEAD OVER THE ULTRA-HEAVY TRUCK. .

.. BUT ONCE THE BIG ALLISON MILL STARTS BLASTING, IT REALLY TURNS ON THE JUICE.

I'M COMIN' ON LIKE GANG BUSTERS!

5

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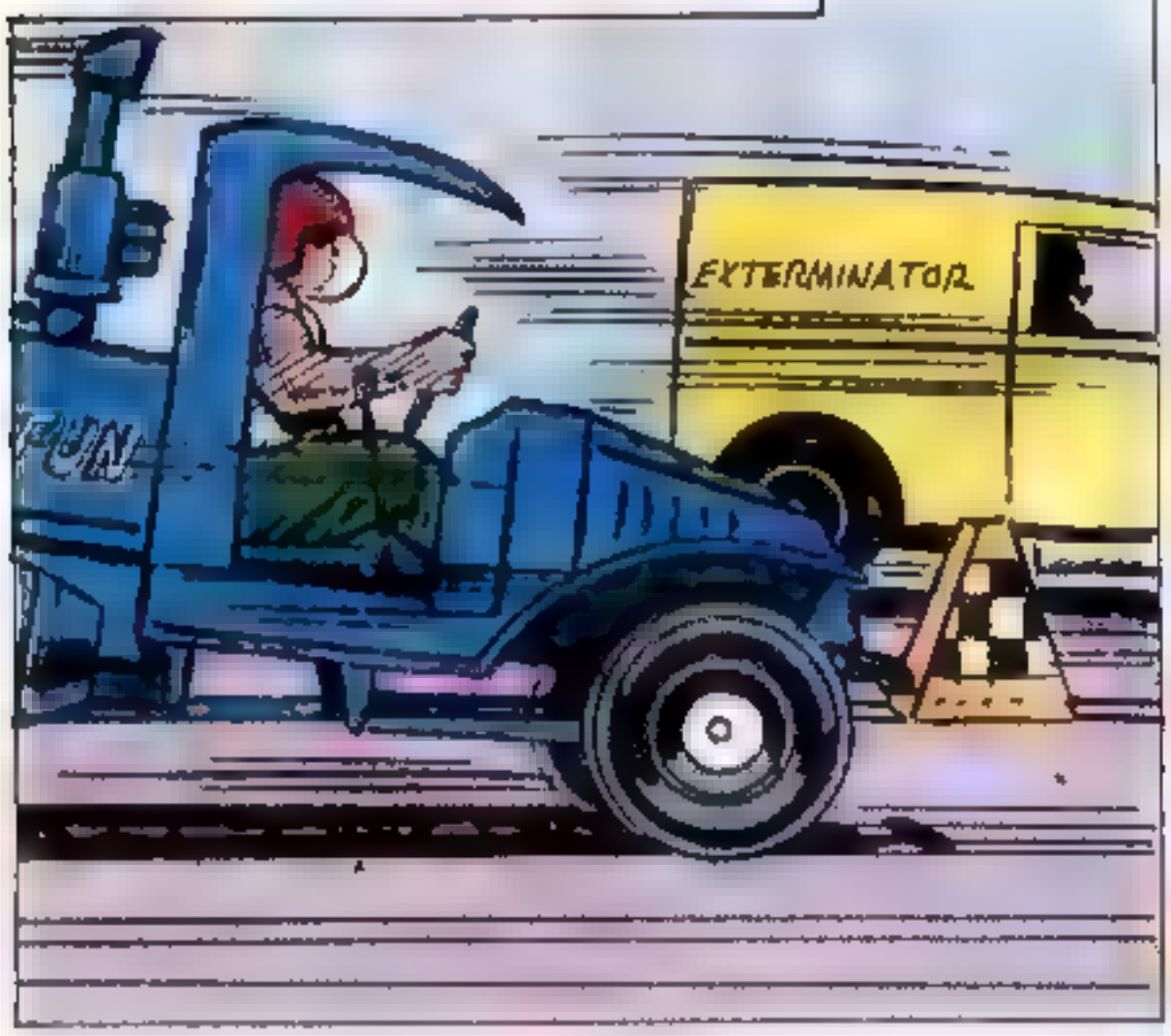
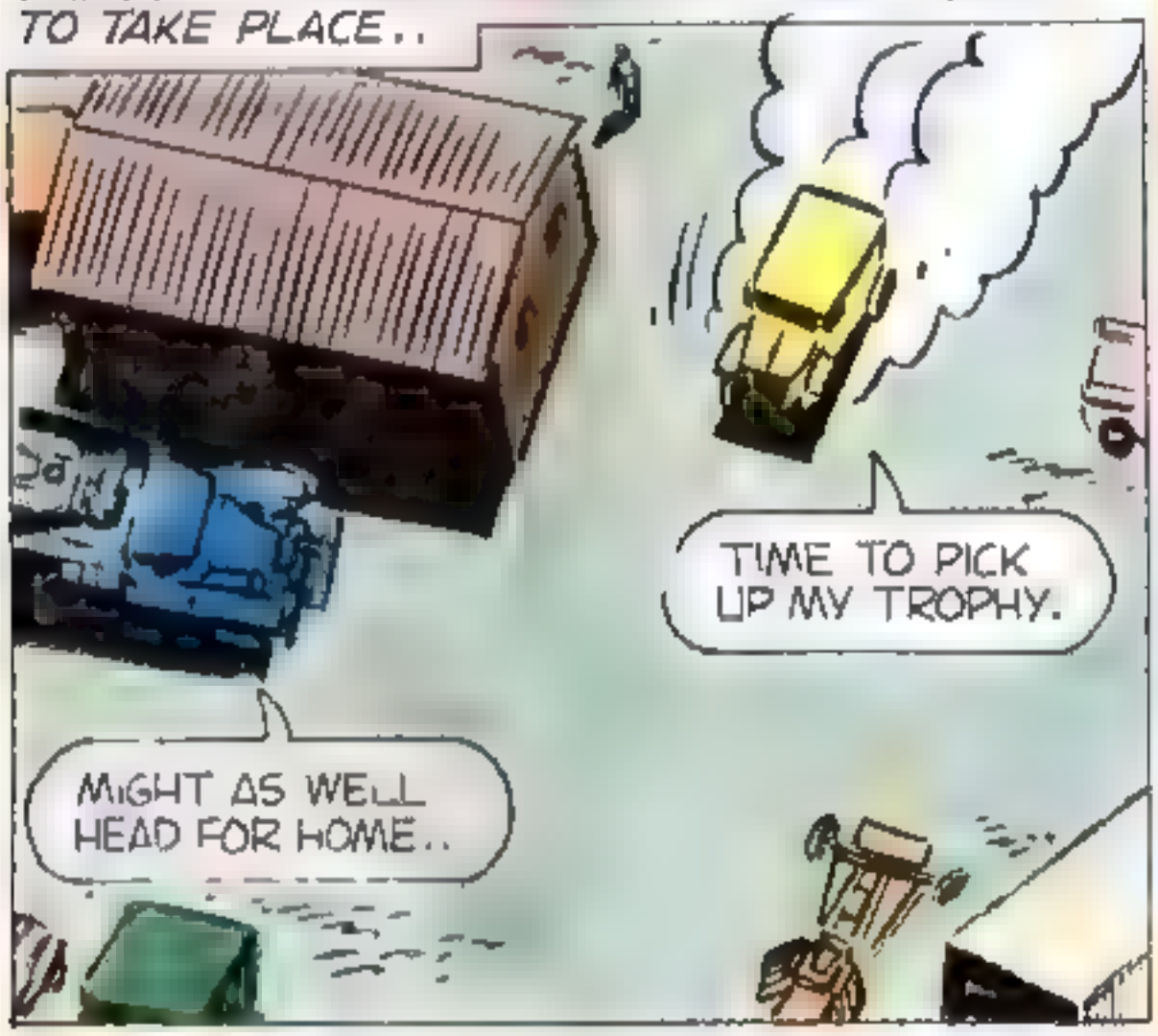
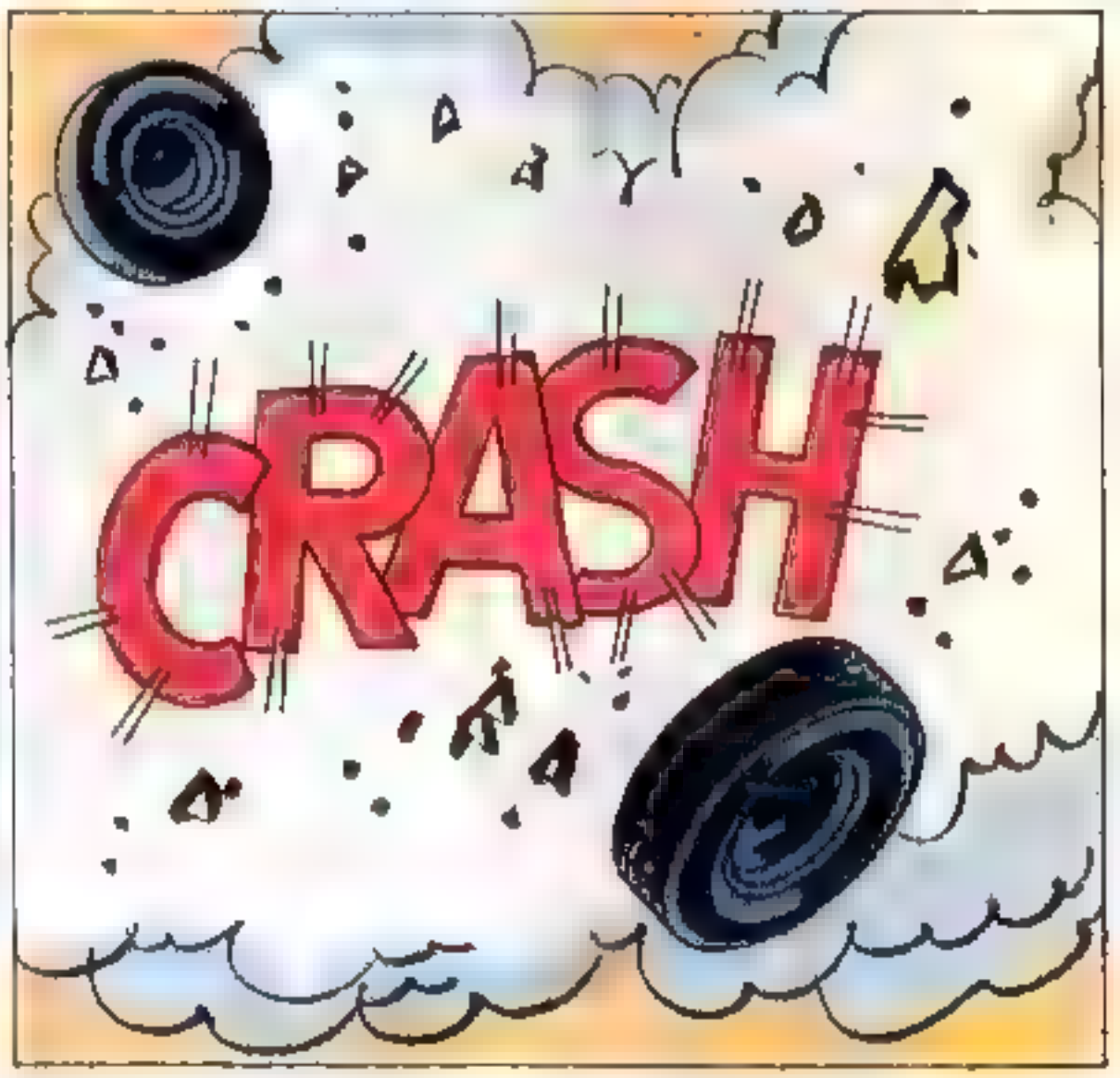
WILSON'S EARLY LEAD WAS TOO GREAT AND TON GOES DOWN TO DEFEAT...

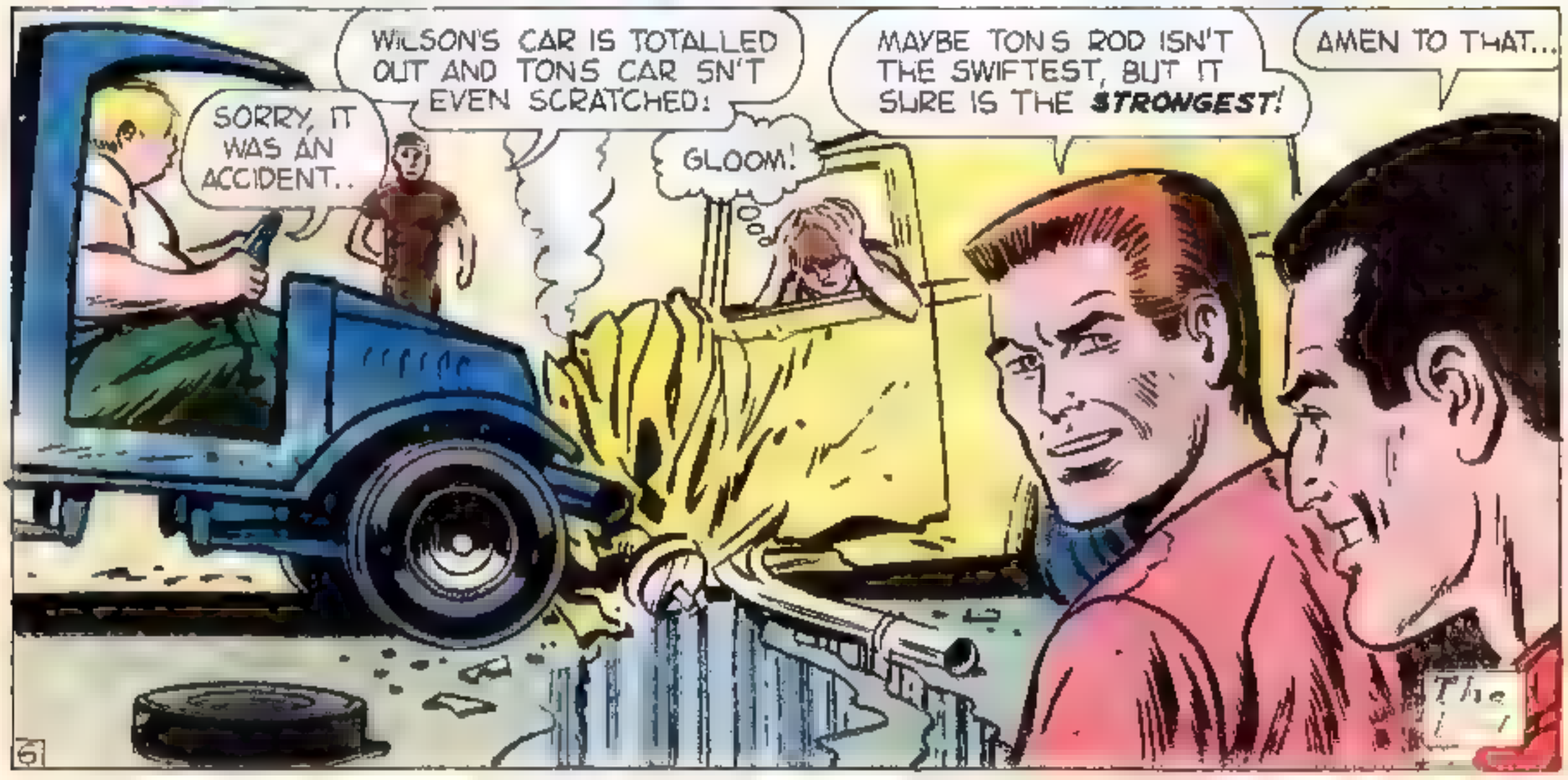


AFTER THE RACE, MATTY WILSON DIDN'T MISS THE OPPORTUNITY TO **RUB IT IN**!

LATER A STRANGE RETRIBUTION WAS ABOUT TO TAKE PLACE..






SORRY, IT WAS AN ACCIDENT..
WILSON'S CAR IS TOTALLED OUT AND TONS CAR SN'T EVEN SCRATCHED!
GLOOM!
MAYBE TON'S ROD ISN'T THE SWIFTEST, BUT IT SURE IS THE **STRONGEST!**
AMEN TO THAT...

SCOT JACKSON / THE NATIONAL

DALLAS INTERNATIONAL SPEEDWAY, AND TIME FOR THE NHRA SPRINGNATIONALS, 32 OF THE WORLD'S FASTEST DRAGSTERS HAVE QUALIFIED FOR THE TOP FUEL BRACKET AND SCOT JACKSON'S RIG IS ONE OF THEM.. HE'S JUST STARTING HIS FIRST ELIMINATION RUN. THE GO SIGNAL FLASHES . SCOT RELEASES THE BRAKE. NOW, UNDER FULL ACCEL-ERATION THE TIRES ARE SPINNING IN SMOKE.. **THE RACE IS ON!**

JACKSON

SIMPSON

BY JACK KELLER

E.T. TIMES

SCOT'S HEMI POWERED RAIL BEATS BOB ROMAN'S DODGE OFF THE LINE IN AN EAR SPLITTING BLAST OF POWER...

SPR

Scot's SCREAMER

HALF WAY DOWN THE CHUTE, THE TWO NITROMETHANE BURNERS ARE STILL ONLY HALF A LENGTH APART...

V-ROOM

Scot's SCREAMER

THROUGH THE TRAPS, SCOT WINS BY A CAR LENGTH IN THE CLOSELY MATCHED COMPETITION E.T. 6.68 SECONDS AT 231.35 MPH!

THE RUN COMPLETED, SCOT'S CREW BUSILY REFUELS AND MAKES LAST MINUTE ADJUSTMENTS BEFORE THE NEXT RUN...

NOW, ONCE AGAIN SCOT IS STAGED AND EYEBALLING THE ELECTRIC TREE...

AS THE LAST AMBER FLICKS OFF...

SCOT'S SCREAMER

I GO!

SCOT SHOOTS OFF THE LINE, SLIGHTLY OUT OF SHAPE, BUT A STEERING CORRECTION IS MADE AND HE IS ON HIS WAY!

THE TREMENDOUS G-FORCE PRESSES SCOT BACK IN HIS BUCKET SEAT AND LOOKING STRAIGHT AHEAD HIS VIEW IS BLOCKED BY THE MAMMOTH MILL AND BLOWER...

SO, HOW DOES HE SEE? HE JUST LOOKS DOWN AT THE WHITE GUIDE LINE THAT SHOOTS BY AT THE SIDE OF THE DRAGSTER...

SUDDENLY, IN LESS THAN 7 SECONDS THE RACE IS OVER AND THE LIGHTS INDICATE THAT SCOT HAS WON AGAIN...

SCOT RELEASES THE CHUTE AND APPLIES PRESSURE TO THE HAND BRAKE AS HE DECELERATES THE ENGINE...

SCOT HAS WON TWICE, BUT IF HE IS TO BE TOP FUEL ELIMINATOR, HE WILL HAVE TO WIN 3 MORE...

MOTOR'S RUNNING GREAT, NO PROBLEMS SO FAR, THIS COULD BE MY **BIG** DAY...

SCOT'S SCREAMER

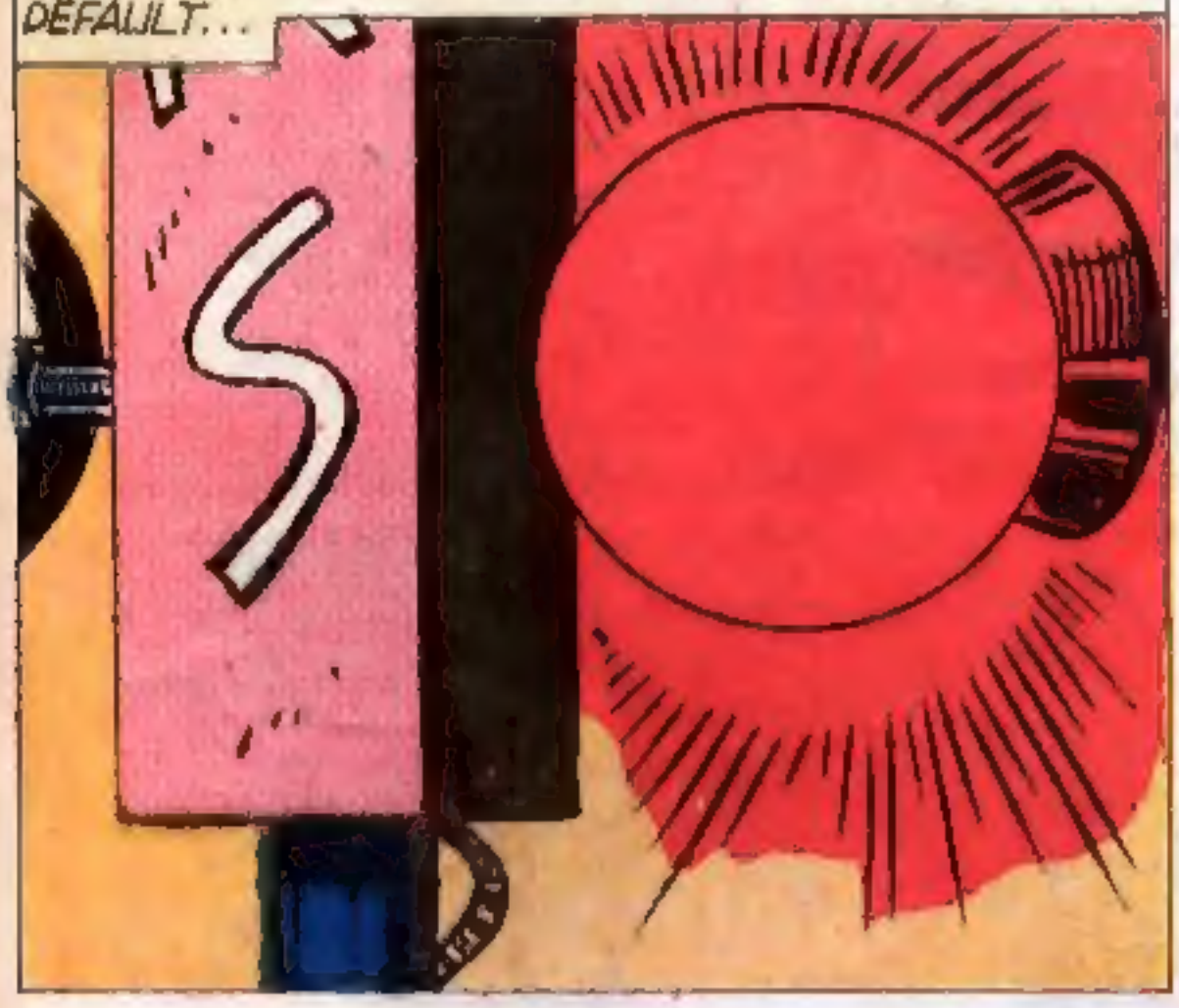
ISKY CAMS

SCOT GETS AN EASY WIN ON ROUND THREE AS HIS OPPONENT'S RIG, 'THE FAKER', FAILS TO FIRE ON THE LINE...

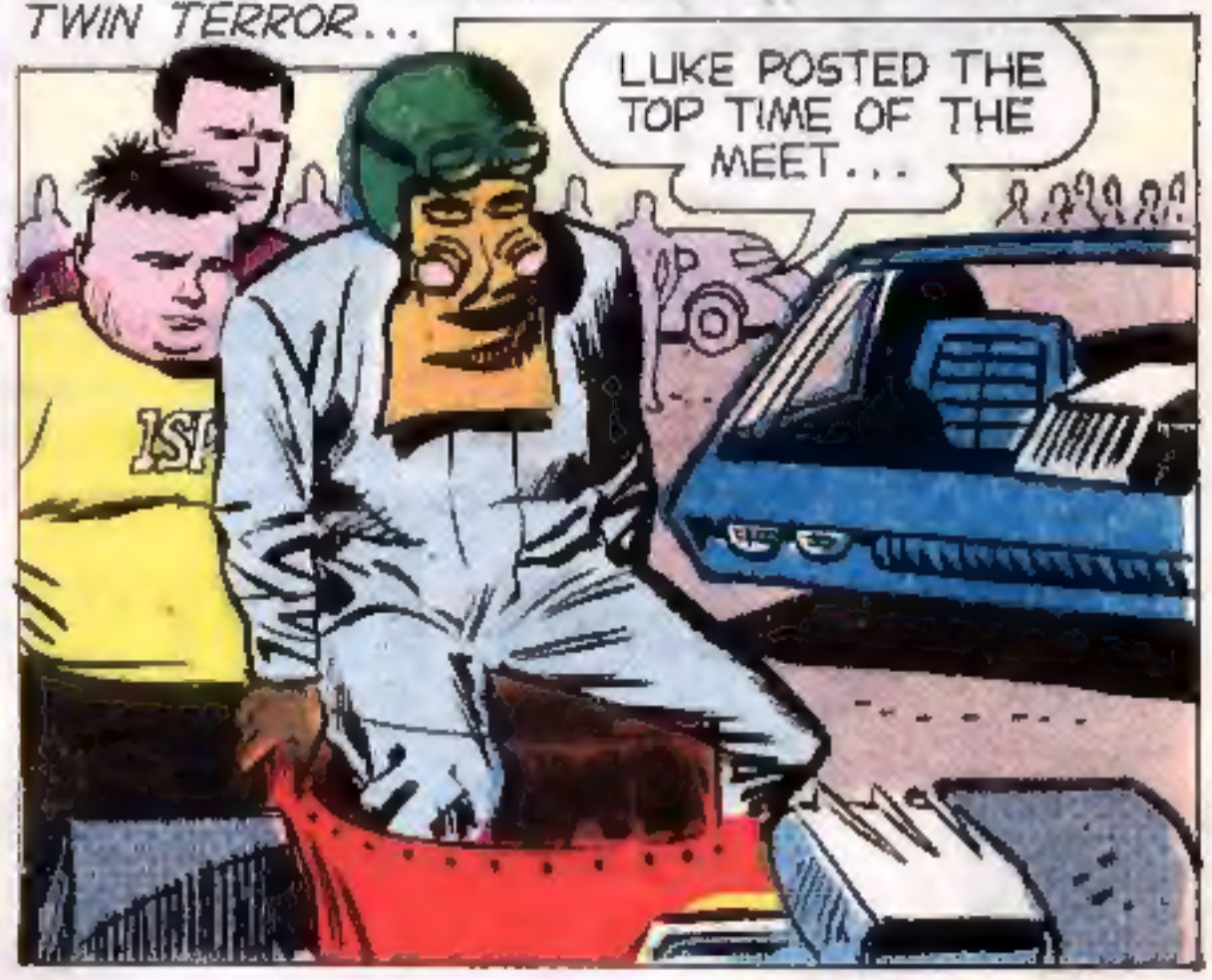
SPRING

Faker

ROUND FOUR IS ANOTHER PUSHOVER, AS SAM PURDON JUMPS THE LIGHT AND SCOT WINS BY DEFAULT...



NOW, ONLY ONE ROUND REMAINS, BUT THIS ONE LOOKS TOUGH... SCOT MUST CHALLENGE THE DEFENDING CHAMPION, LUKE LEMMON AND HIS TWIN TERROR...



SCOT'S FANTASTIC REFLEXES GIVE HIM THE EDGE AND HE GIVES THE TWIN TERROR A HOLE SHOT!

DALLAS INTER

SCREAMER

TWIN TERROR

CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

SCOT HOLDS A 2 CAR LENGTH LEAD AT THE HALFWAY POINT, BUT THE TWIN ENGINED MONSTER IS COMING ON **FAST** AND IS BEGINNING TO CLOSE THE GAP...

I'M ALMOST HOME, BUT WHAT'S THAT **GRINDING NOISE** COMING FROM THE **MILL**?

JACKSON

SUDDENLY, JUST AS SCOT NEARS THE TRAPS, THE ENGINE LETS GO IN A TREMENDOUS BLAST!

SCOT'S SCREAMER

A FLYING CHUNK OF METAL **SLAMS** AGAINST SCOT'S HELMET...

KLUNK

JACKSON

SIMPSON

LATER... YOU WON THE NATIONALS, SCOT... LUCKY FOR YOU THE MILL DIDN'T BLOW ANY SOONER!

LUCKIER FOR ME THIS HELMET DIDN'T EXPLODE WHEN THAT SHRAPNEL HIT IT!

SIMPSON

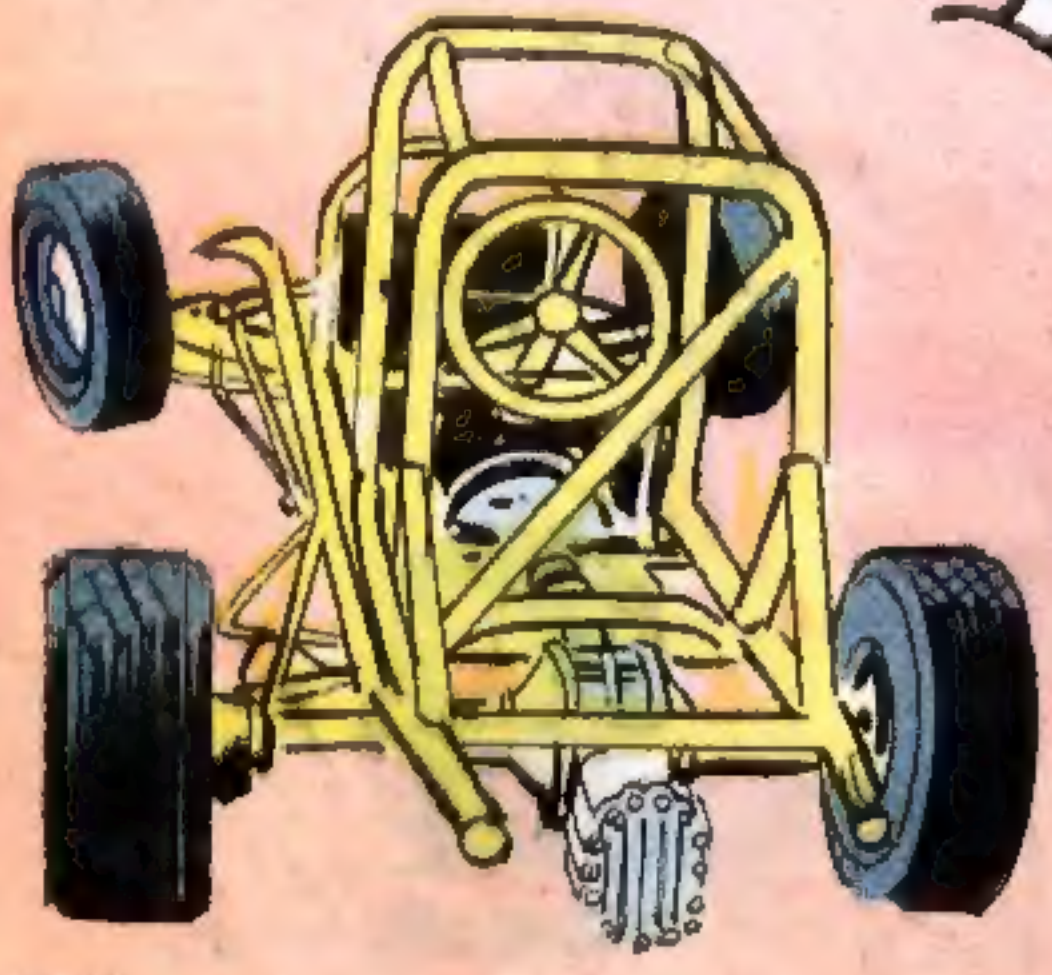
the end

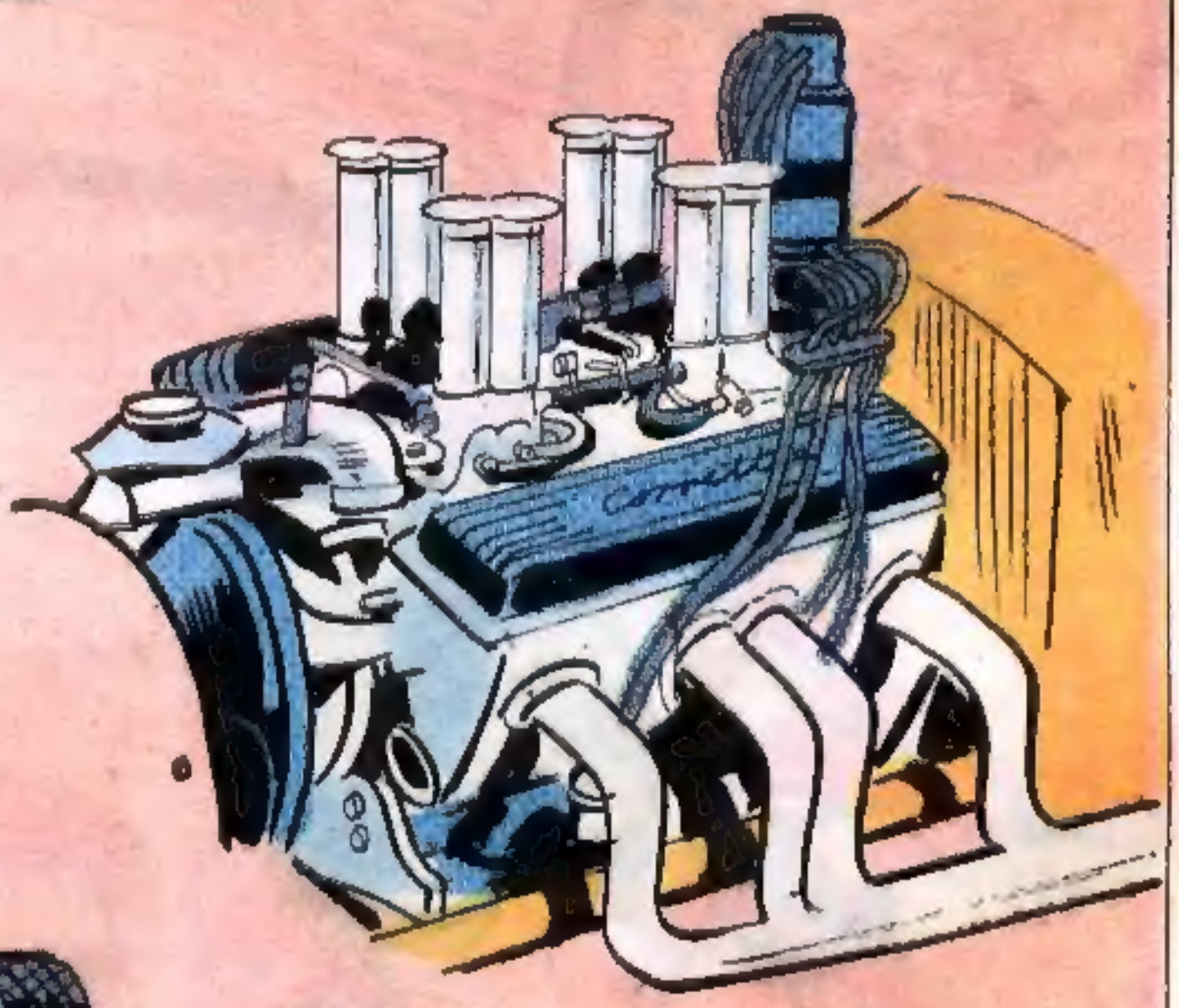
SUPER MODIFIEDS

SUPER MODIFIEDS RESEMBLED CHOPPED STOCKERS YEARS AGO, BUT TODAY'S BREED ARE ALL OUT RACING CARS... THESE EAR DRUM BLASTERS ARE REAL CROWD PLEASERS WITH LOTS OF SPEED AND HARD FOUGHT, CLOSE COMPETITION...

VROOM

FRAMES ARE TUBULAR AND SIMILAR IN CONSTRUCTION TO THAT OF SPRINT CARS...





THE MOTORS ARE REBORED, FUEL INJECTED AMERICAN MADE MILLS, USUALLY CHEVYS AND FORDS...

C-998

JACK KELLER